
DEATH IN THE HAREM
By FERRES
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THE EDITOR

DEATH
IN THE
HAREM

FERRES


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CONSTANTINOPLE WAS THE LAST BASTION OF CHRISTENDOM IN THE EAST. A PROUD, FORMIDABLE CITY WITH SEEMINGLY UNASSAILABLE DEFENSES.
IT HELD FAST AGAINST THE HUNS, THE BARBARIAN HORDES, THE PERSIAN AND ARAB ARMIES FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THOUGH IT WAS IN CONFLICT WITH ROME, IT WAS THE SHIELD THAT PROTECTED THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST AND THE HEART OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE.
WHEN IT FINALLY FELL AT THE HANDS OF THE OTTOMAN TURKS, THE WEST TREMBLED. THE MIGHTY OTTOMAN EMPIRE COULD NOW SWEEP INTO EUROPE FROM THE EAST UNCHECKED.
BY THE TIME THE LAST OF THE CITY'S DEFENSES COLLAPSED, IT WAS BUT A SHADOW OF IT'S FORMER GLORY. A CITY, EXHAUSTED BY CENTURIES OF STRIFE, UNAIDED BY THE WESTERN POWERS, FINALLY GAVE UP THE FIGHT. IT'S WALLS IN TATTERS, IT'S TOWERS BROKEN, IT'S EMPEROR SLAIN AND IT'S POPULACE ENSLAVED. ALL THAT WAS LEFT FOR THE TURKS WAS THE ACCOUNTING OF THE SPOILS AND THERE WERE MANY.
AN ORGY OF RAPE AND PILLAGING BESET THE CITY. NONE WERE SPARED THE CRUEL HANDS OF THE VENGEFUL TURKS. TOO LONG THE BYZANTINE WALLS HAVE HELD THEM BACK, BUT NO MORE. IT WAS TIME TO SETTLE OLD SCORES UPON A DEFEATED PEOPLE.
BLOOD FLOWED FREELY IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.


DAWN AT THE HOUSE OF VIZIER AL MAHMOUD. TRUSTED FRIEND AND WAR CHIEF OF SULTAN MEHMED.
HE IS BACK IN HIS LUXURIOUS HAREM FOR A MUCH NEEDED REST. HE HAD JUST RETURNED FROM HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE WEST, EXPANDING THE BORDERS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.
HE IS AN IMPOSING FIGURE WITH A QUICK TEMPER AND A FIERY DISPOSITION. THE KADIN IS CAUTIOUS IN HER APPROACH.
GREAT CALIPH. GOOD NEWS. THE PROPHET SMILES UPON YOU.
OUT WITH IT, KADIN. DO YOU HAVE IT?
YES, CALIPH. IT ARRIVED THIS MORNING. I DID NOT WISH TO DISTURB YOUR REST, SO I WAITED TO INFORM YOU.
VERY WELL. IS IT WORTH MY WHILE?
VERY MUCH SO, GREAT CALIPH.
SHOW ME THEN, KADIN!


ARGH! I FELT TEETH FROM THIS BITCH!
SEE TO IT SHE IS RETRAINED AND DISCIPLINED!
HNNNH!
YES, GREAT CALIPH. GUARDS!
TAKE HER TO THE SUN TERRACE. I WILL ATTEND TO HER LESSONS LATER.
NO! P-PLEASE!
THESE CONVENT BRED ODALSIQUES LACK THE SKILLS TO PLEASE MEN. IT REQUIRES SO MUCH EFFORT TO PROPERLY TRAIN AND ACCLIMATE THEM TO HAREM LIFE. BUT IT ALWAYS PLEASES ME TO WATCH THEM SQUIRM, LIKE THE CHRISTIAN WHORES THEY ALL ARE.
THIS WAY, GREAT CALIPH. I MUST SAY, IT TOOK A SUBSTANTIAL BRIBE TO PROCURE THIS ONE. TO THINK IT ALMOST SLIPPED OUR GRASP WHEN THE GREAT SULTAN VANQUISHED THE INFIDELS OF BYZANTIUM.
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YES, KADIN. I WAS SORELY DISAPPOINTED WHEN I FAILED TO FIND IT IN ALL THE CONFUSION. DESPITE RAISING THE CITY, MY VICTORY WAS LACKING. THE LATE EMPEROR STILL OWED ME A GREAT PRIZE.


PRAISE ALLAH. SO THIS IS IT. THE PRIZED JEWEL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.


SHE WAS ON A SHIP BOUND FOR ROME, NO DOUBT TO ASK FOR AID FROM THE CHRISTIAN POPE. WE WERE ABLE TO BRIBE THE SHIP'S CREW AT THE PORT OF RHODES. SHE WAS VERY SURPRISED WHEN INSTEAD OF THE GATES OF ROME, THE GOOD CAPTAIN DELIVERED HER TO OUR WAITING CORSAIRS AT TUNIS.
HAD SHE SUCCEEDED IN PROCURING AID, AN ARMY OF CRUSADERS MIGHT HAVE THWARTED THE GREAT SULTAN'S VICTORY.
THE CHIEF EUNUCH HAD HER DRUGGED AND IMMEDIATELY SHIPPED TO THE HAREM FOR A THOROUGH CLEANSING TO AWAIT YOUR PLEASURE, GREAT CALIPH.
THE NIECE OF THE APOSTATE EMPEROR. VERY GOOD, KADIN. NOW MY VENGEANCE WILL BE COMPLETE. SHE WILL BEAR ME MANY, MANY SONS. SHE WILL FEEL THE PAIN OF EVERY BIRTH AS I'VE FELT THE PAIN OF LOSING MANY SONS AT THE WALLS OF THAT ACCURSED CITY.


BLINDFOLDS? SO SHE DOES HAVE ACCURSED BLUE EYES!
BLUE AS THE SKY, GREAT CALIPH.
WELL DEVELOPED HIPS, AND THESE PLUM TEATS BEG TO BE PINCHED AND SUCKLED. SHE WOULD MAKE A FINE ODALISQUE, BUT IS SHE TRULY WORTHY TO BEAR ME SONS?
AAGH!
IS SHE STRONG IN BOTH BODY AND SPIRIT?
PUT HER TO THE TEST, GREAT CALIPH. EITHER BY FIRE OR BY SCOURGE.
HUNGH!
SCOURGE IT SHALL BE, KADIN. NO REASON TO TARNISH SUCH FLAWLESS SKIN WITH THE MARKED PERMANENCE OF FIRE. BUT I WILL REQUIRE HER DEVIL'S BLUE EYES BE PUT OUT. IT OFFENDS ME TO SEE THE EYES OF MY ENEMIES ON THE MOTHER OF MY FUTURE SONS.
ONLY CHRISTIAN DOGS ARE MARKED WITH BLUE EYES.
AAAIYEEH!
THWACK!


THE WHIP FALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN UPON THE EXPOSED, VULNERABLE BODY OF THE YOUNG WOMAN.
NO CORNER, CREVICE, MOUND NOR PEAK IS SPARED FORM THE STING OF THE LASH.
AAAGH!
FOR HOURS HER PAINED SCREAMS ECHOED IN THE HAREM HALLS.
UNTIL...
SHE HAS WITHSTOOD THE LASH AND HAS NOT FAINTED BUT ONCE, GREAT CALIPH.
SHE CRIES, PLEAD AND WEEP LIKE ALL CHRISTIAN WHORES. YET HER BODY DOES NOT YIELD. SHE IS STRONG. IF SHE WERE NOT AN INFIDEL SHE WOULD MAKE A GOOD FIRST WIFE. SHE WILL DO, KADIN.
AAAIYEEH!
NOW LEAVE US AND ATTEND TO YOUR OTHER DUTIES. BRING WINE WHEN YOU ARE DONE.
I WISH TO BE ALONE WITH THIS WOMAN.
HUH-HUH!
AS YOU WISH, GREAT CALIPH.
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AT THE INNER COURTYARD, THE PAINED WAILS OF A YOUNG WOMAN COULD CLEARLY BE HEARD.
THE EUNUCHS WERE BUSY PREPARING THE BLONDE GIRL FOR HER LESSON, FORCING HER TO STRADDLE AN INCH THICK WOODEN BEAM. WITH IT'S EDGE PURPOSELY SHARPENED, IT DUG DEEP INTO THE GIRL'S TENDER BISECTED CROTCH.
AAGH! NO, PLEASE!
SPARE NOT THE CAPSICIAN OILS. LET IT BURN HER LIPS.
I WANT THIS ORDEAL ETCHED FIRMLY IN HER MIND. THE PRICE FOR INCURRING THE MASTER'S IRE IS HIGH.
PROCEED, EUNUCH!
YES, KADIN.
N-NO! DON'T!
THERE! ALLOW HER THREE HOURS TO SUCK ON THE TRAINING PHALLUS, AND DON'T LET IT RUN DRY.
MMMNNH!
AFTER THAT, YOU MAY FLOG THE SOLES OF HER FEET. MAKE SURE THE OTHER NOVICES SEE AND HEAR HER ANGUISH. THE OTHERS MAY NEED TO BE REMINDED THE COST OF DISPLEASING THEIR MASTER.
YES, KADIN.

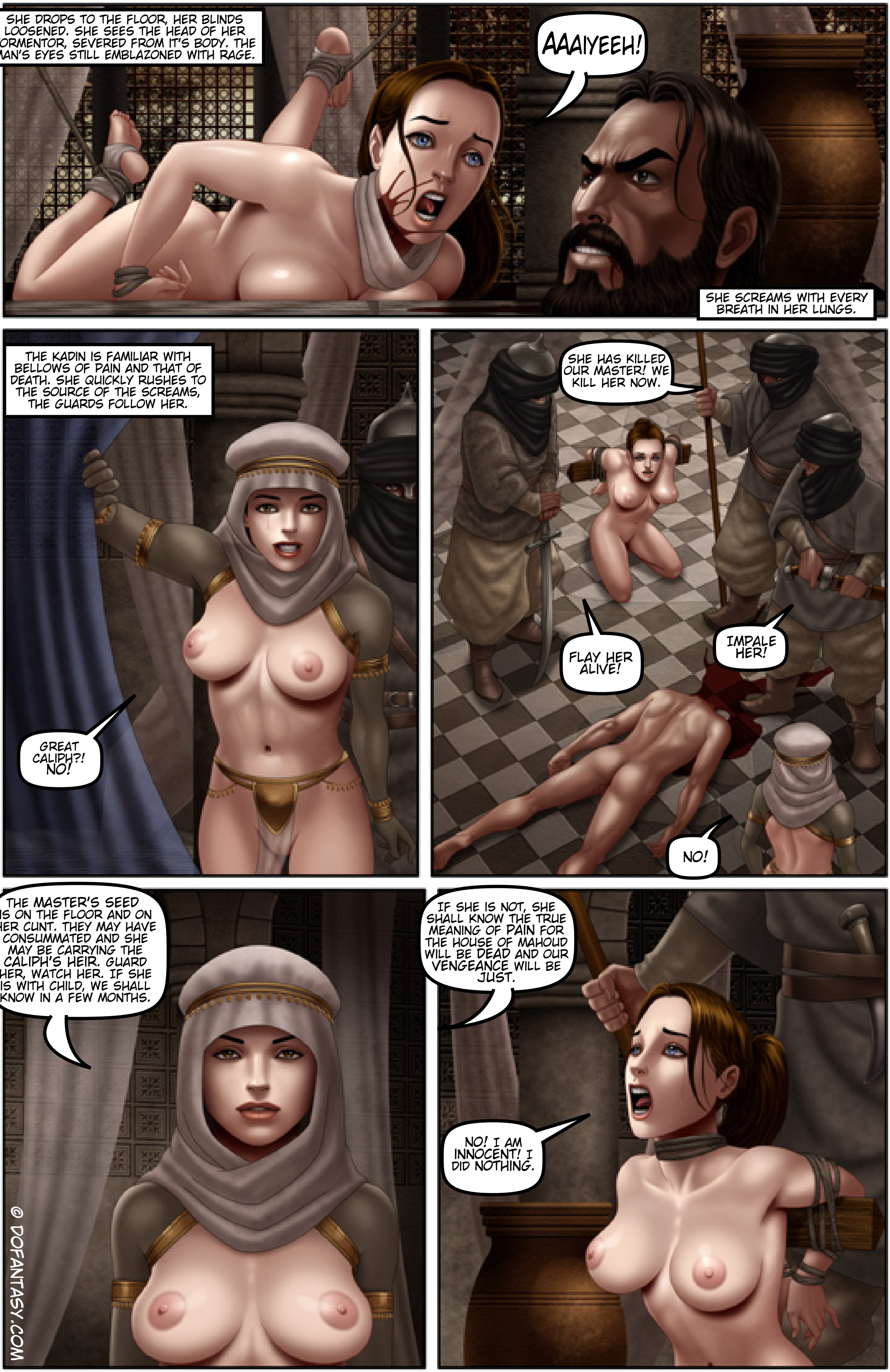


YOU TAKE TO THE WHIP WELL, GIRL. CHRISTIAN WHORES USUALLY HAVE A LOW THRESHOLD FOR PAIN.
YOU WILL TASTE THE WHIP'S STING EVERY DAY TO TEACH YOU PROPER OBEDIENCE TO YOUR MASTER.
HUNGH!
YOU ARE MINE NOW. FORGET THE PRINCES AND COURTIERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE. ALL HAVE BEEN PUT TO THE SWORD AND THEIR HEADS NOW ADORN IT'S CAUSEWAYS.
YOU NOW BELONG TO ME, BODY AND SOUL.
AND THIS WILL BE THE SYMBOL OF YOUR OWNERSHIP.
AAAGH!
THIS WILL BE USEFUL. NOW, WE WILL SEE HOW MUCH OF A BREEDER YOU ARE.
TAKE A SEAT, PRINCESS OF INFIDELS.
AAAIYEEH!



THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU FROM SQUIRMING.
HUNGH!
THE ROPES ON THE GIRL'S LEGS ARE SLOWLY DRAWN UP AS THE GIRL STRUGGLES TO KEEP HER BALANCE.
AAAIYEEH!
A FEW MORE WELL PLACED STINGS SHOULD KEEP YOU RANDY.
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HUNGH!
WET ALREADY?! I SEE YOU LIKE THE PAIN. DON'T WORRY YOU'LL BE GETTING PLENTY MORE BEFORE THIS DAY ENDS.
YOUR SWEAT IS SALTY SWEET. BUT I LIKE IT WITH THE SPICE OF BLOOD.
HUH-HUH!


THIS IS HOW IT SHALL BE FOR NOW ON, INFIDEL. YOU SHALL REMAIN CHRISTIAN SO I CAN TORMENT YOU WITHOUT RESERVATION. YOU WILL BE AS MUCK UNDER MY FEET. YOU SHALL KNOW THE SUFFERING OF YOUR ACCURSED SAINTS.
AAAH!!!
WHEN YOU HAVE BORN ME SONS, ONLY THEN WILL I ALLOW YOU TO CONVERT TO ISLAM AND BE AMONG MY WIVES.
AAAGH!
BUT EVEN THEN, YOU SHALL NOT BE THEIR EQUAL BUT MERELY AS THEIR SLAVE. UNTIL THEN, YOU ARE JUST A FUCK HOLE TO SOW MY SEED.
BUT IF YOU FAIL TO BRING ME SONS. I WILL HAVE YOUR GUTS RIPPED OUT.
NO! MERCY, PLEASE!
BEAR ME DAUGHTERS AND THEY WILL BE NO MORE THAN SLAVES TO THE GREAT SULTAN. THEY SHALL KNOW THE WHIP AS SOON AS THEY CAN WAL... ACK!
AAAIYEEH!
THE ROPES THAT HELD THE GIRL'S ARMS ARE CUT ABRUPTLY .
HUNGH?!
THE GIRL'S BODY DROPS ON THE WOODEN PHALLUS, BUT HER SHIFTED WEIGHT BREAKS THE PHALLUS FROM IT'S FOOTINGS.
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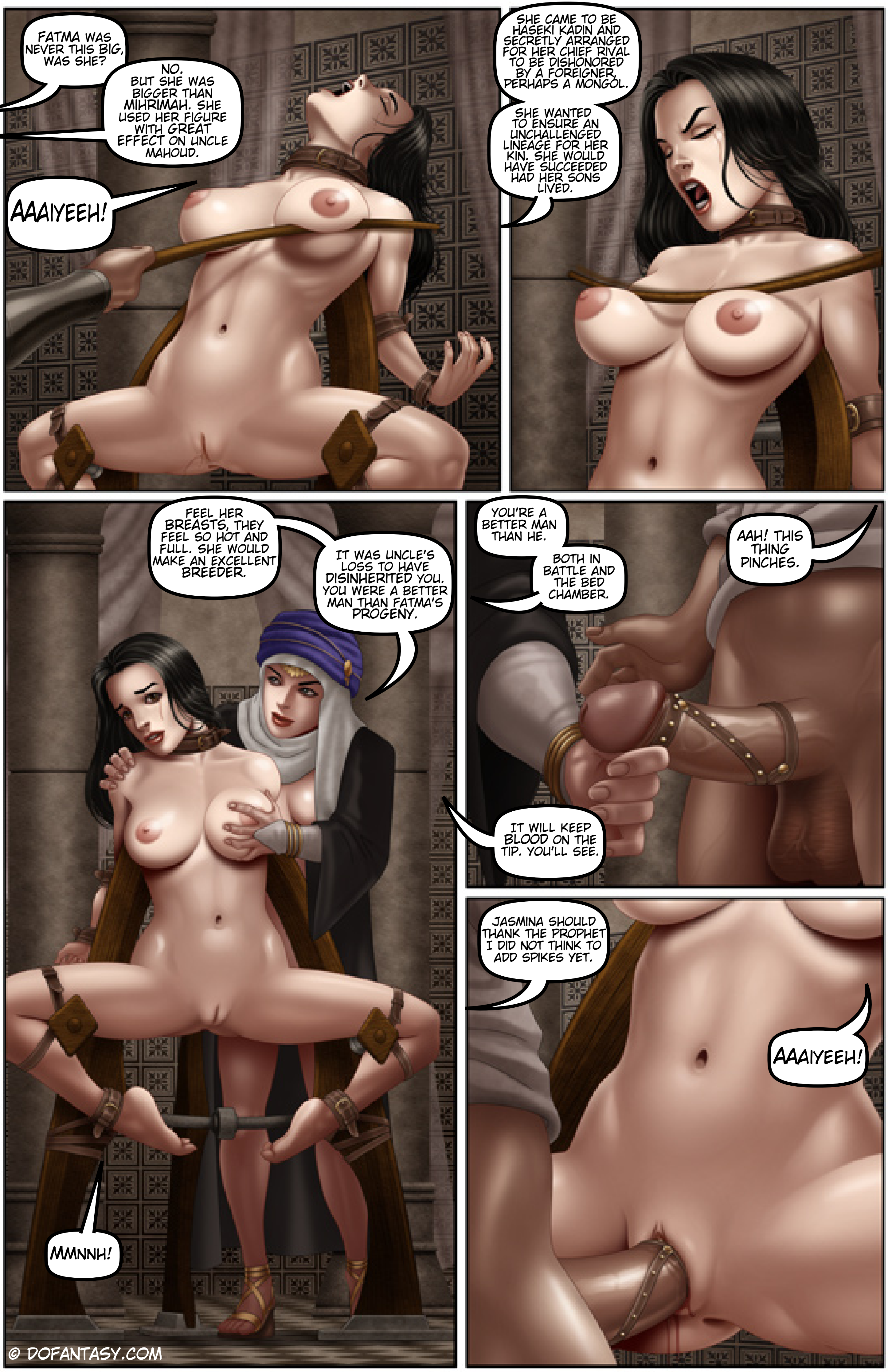


SHE DROPS TO THE FLOOR, HER BLINDS LOOSENED. SHE SEES THE HEAD OF HER TORMENTOR, SEVERED FROM IT'S BODY. THE MAN'S EYES STILL EMBLAZONED WITH RAGE.
AAAIYEEH!
SHE SCREAMS WITH EVERY BREATH IN HER LUNGS.
THE KADIN IS FAMILIAR WITH BELLOWS OF PAIN AND THAT OF DEATH. SHE QUICKLY RUSHES TO THE SOURCE OF THE SCREAMS, THE GUARDS FOLLOW HER.
GREAT CALIPH?! NO!
SHE HAS KILLED OUR MASTER! WE KILL HER NOW.
FLAY HER ALIVE!
IMPALE HER!
NO!
THE MASTER'S SEED IS ON THE FLOOR AND ON HER CUNT. THEY MAY HAVE CONSUMMATED AND SHE MAY BE CARRYING THE CALIPH'S HEIR. GUARD HER, WATCH HER. IF SHE IS WITH CHILD, WE SHALL KNOW IN A FEW MONTHS.
IF SHE IS NOT, SHE SHALL KNOW THE TRUE MEANING OF PAIN FOR THE HOUSE OF MAHOUD WILL BE DEAD AND OUR VENGEANCE WILL BE JUST.
NO! I AM INNOCENT! I DID NOTHING.

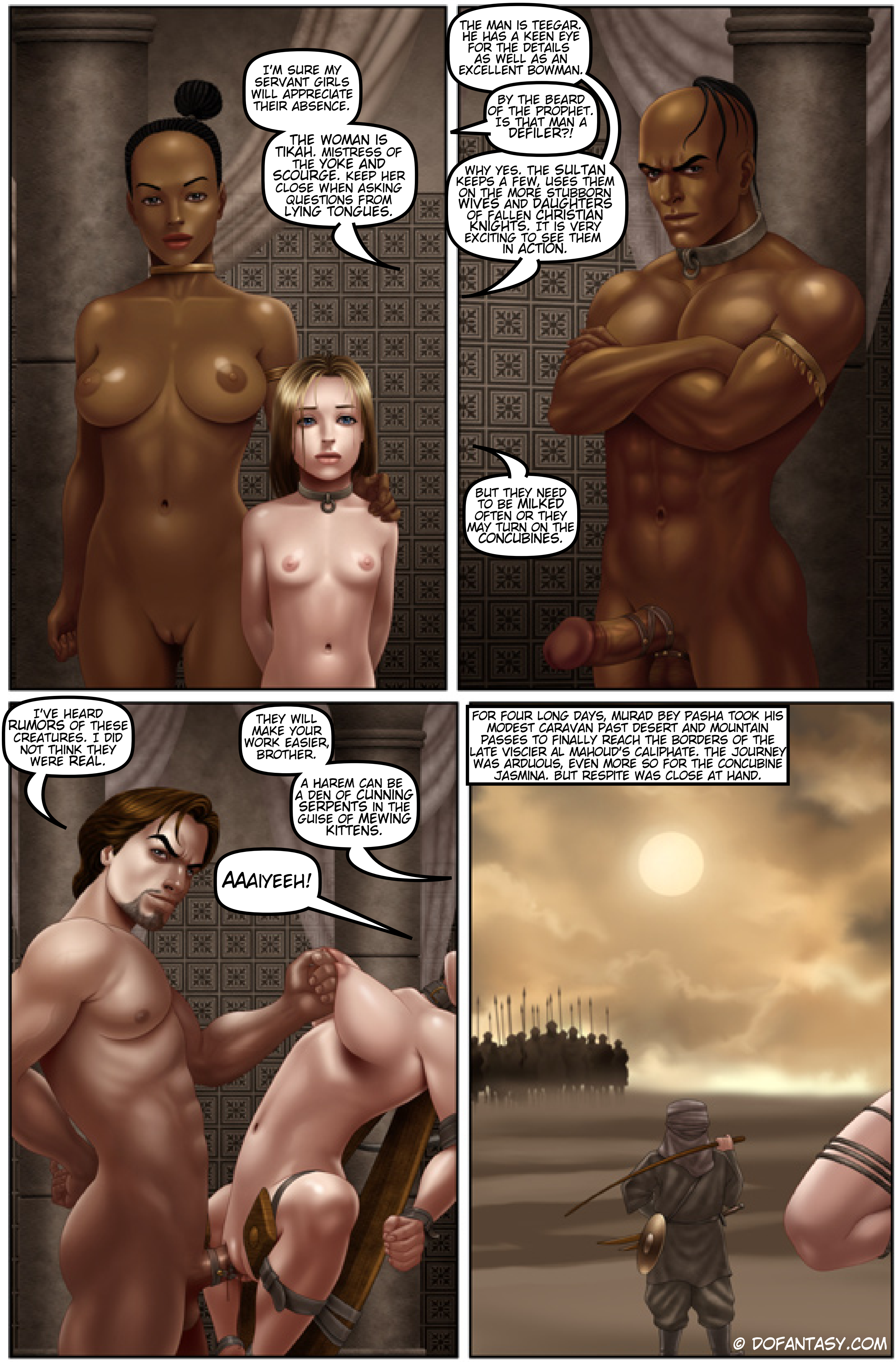

AT A PRIVATE VILLA, JUST OUTSIDE TOPKAPI, A TIRED AND BATTLE WORN RIDER HANDS IN HIS HORSE REINS TO THE EUNUCH GUARD.
GREETINGS. I COME FROM THE KOSOVAR SIEGES. I AM MURAD BEY PASHA I COME UNDER ORDERS FROM KADIN KOSEM.
GREETINGS, GREAT PASHA. THE SULTANA AWAITS YOU IN HER BOUDOIR.
SULTANA? THE MOST FAVORED OF SULTAN MEHMED'S CONCUBINES. INDEED, MY SISTER HAS COME UP IN THE WORLD.
MISTRESS, A FILTHY RIFFRAFF APPROACHES THE VILLA. I SHALL TURN HIM AWAY.
HUSH! THAT MAN IS MY BROTHER AND HE IS MOST WELCOME. SPEAK ILL OF HIM AGAIN AND YOU WILL BE SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH THE NUBIANS A FOURTH NIGHT. UNDERSTOOD?
Y-YES, MISTRESS.
WHY WAS I SUMMONED SULTANA?
OUR DEAR UNCLE IS DEAD. KILLED BY AN ODALISQUE; THEY SAY. A DUBIOUS ALLEGATION. YOU SHOULD LOOK INTO IT.
UNFORTUNATE. BUT WHY DOES THIS CONCERN US? WE HAVE BEEN DISINHERITED BY THE MAN. WE ARE BASTARDS TO HIS EYES.
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THAT IS WHY WE PLY OUR SERVICES TO THE SULTAN. I AS SWORD MASTER AND PASHA TO HIS JANISSARIES AND YOU AS HIS HASEKI KADIN, MOST FAVORED WHORE.
HE HAS NO HEIR. BY RIGHT, THE SULTAN MAY TAKE ALL HIS POSSESSIONS. BUT IF THE SULTAN DECREES THAT WE ARE LEGITIMATE HEIRS...
WHY SHOULD WE CARE. I FIGHT THE CHRISTIANS AND TAKE THEIR LANDS AS MY OWN.
YOU MAY BE PASHA, BUT YOU ARE NOT AMONG THE FAVORED. TITLES COULD EASILY GO OVER YOU. THE LANDS YOU SPEAK OFF HAVE ALREADY BEEN ALLOTTED TO OTHERS, EVEN THOSE YET TO BE CONQUERED.
ON THE OTHER HAND, OUR CLAIM TO OUR UNCLE'S ESTATE HAS LEGITIMACY AS LONG AS NO OTHER CHALLENGES IT.
UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SULTAN. GO TO OUR UNCLE'S HAREM.
TAKE STOCK OF OUR UNCLE'S PROPERTY. FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS DEATH. WEED OUT OUR ENEMIES AND DESTROY THEM.
IF THERE ARE HEIRS YET TO BE BORN, DEAL WITH THEM.
I SEE.
BUT, PLEASE. REST A WHILE. IT HAS BEEN YEARS.
YOU DO REMEMBER JASMINA? THE DAUGHTER OF THAT HARLOT FATMA.
YES, SHE WAS SUCH A TEASE WHEN WE WERE YOUNG. SHE WAS VERY PROUD AT BEING THE FIRST TO DEVELOP CHARMS AMONG THE GIRLS. SHE LIKED PICKING ON YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE SMALL.
I HAD ARRANGED TO ADOPT HER AFTER FATMA'S SUDDEN, UNTIMELY DEMISE. I MAYBE A WHORE BUT THERE IS POWER IN THE CLOISTERED HALLS OF THE IMPERIAL HAREM.
HUNGH!
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HUH-HUH!
FATMA WAS A STICKLER FOR TRADITION. YOU CAN TELL, SHE KEPT JASMINA INTACT. POOR GIRL HAD TO PISS THROUGH A TUBE.
SHE HAS GOTTEN BIGGER SINCE I LAST SAW HER.
SHE'S YOURS! CONSIDER HER AS A GIFT. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BREAK HER IN? SHE COULD USE YOUR FIRM HAND.
MY PLEASURE, SISTER. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A FONDNESS FOR THE VOLUPTUOUS.
FIRM AND FAT. IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO JUST SLICE THEM OFF.
AAAGH!
LET'S RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR FORCED CHASTITY. YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THAT ANYMORE.
AAAIEEH!
IS SHE FAMILIAR WITH THE CANE?
NO.
GOOD, THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING.
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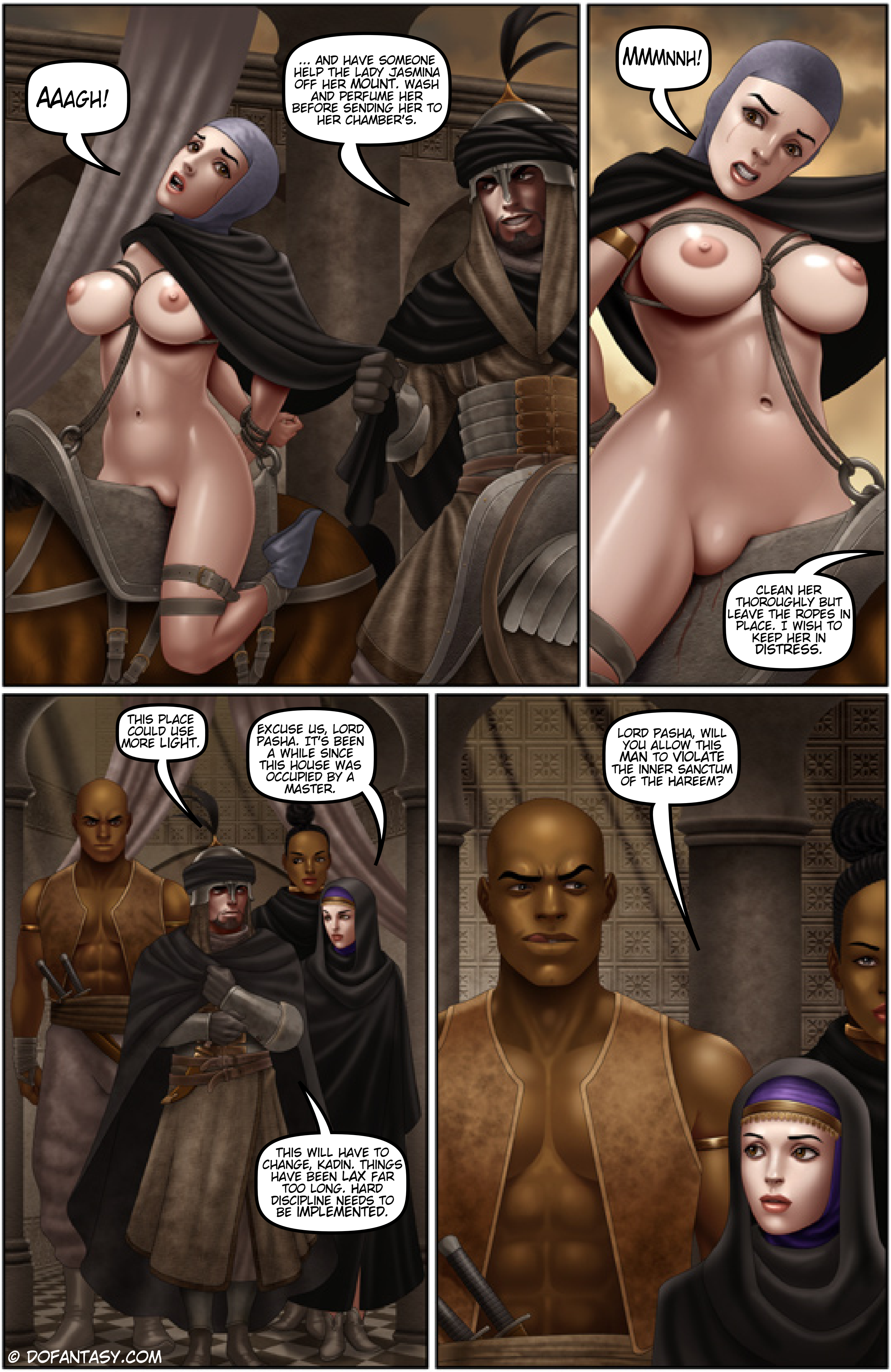

FATMA WAS NEVER THIS BIG, WAS SHE?
NO. BUT SHE WAS BIGGER THAN MIHRIMAH. SHE USED HER FIGURE WITH GREAT EFFECT ON UNCLE MAHOUD.
AAAIYEEH!
SHE CAME TO BE HASEKI KADIN AND SECRETLY ARRANGED FOR HER CHIEF RIVAL TO BE DISHONORED BY A FOREIGNER, PERHAPS A MONGOL.
SHE WANTED TO ENSURE AN UNCHALLENGED LINEAGE FOR HER KIN. SHE WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED HAD HER SONS LIVED.
FEEL HER BREASTS, THEY FEEL SO HOT AND FULL. SHE WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT BREEDER.
IT WAS UNCLE'S LOSS TO HAVE DISINHERITED YOU. YOU WERE A BETTER MAN THAN FATMA'S PROGENY.
MMNNH!
YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN HE.
BOTH IN BATTLE AND THE BED CHAMBER.
AAH! THIS THING PINCHES.
IT WILL KEEP BLOOD ON THE TIP. YOU'LL SEE.
JASMINA SHOULD THANK THE PROPHET I DID NOT THINK TO ADD SPIKES YET.
AAAIYEEH!
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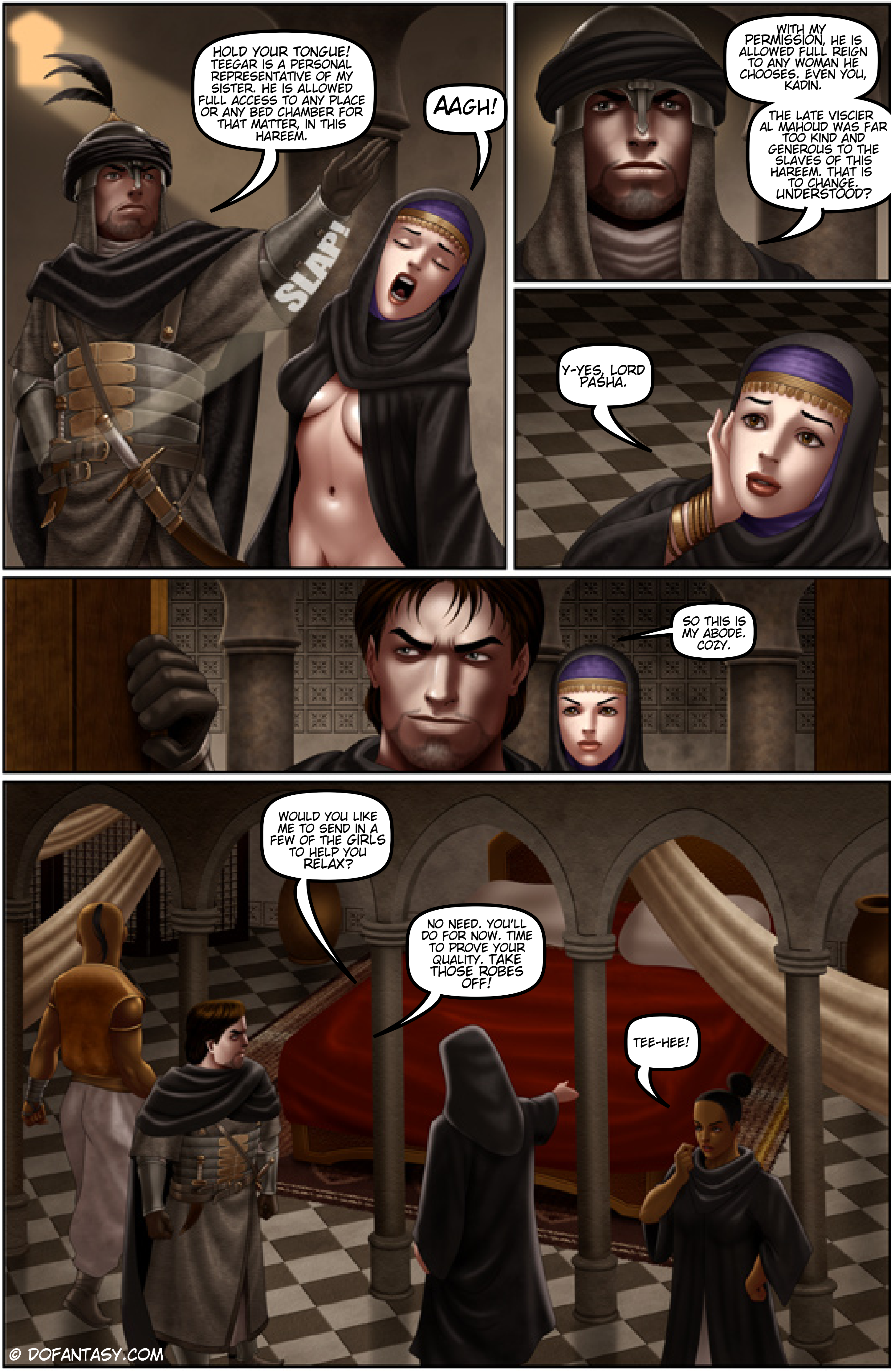

DON'T KILL HER YET! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH HER.
NOT TO WORRY, DEAR BROTHER. I'M SIMPLY HEIGHTENING HER PLEASURE.
HUNGH!
A LITTLE ASPHYXIATION WOULDN'T HURT. RIGHT, JASMINA?
AAAGH!
I'LL BRING HER ALONG ON MY JOURNEY. I LIKE SQUEEZING HER RIPE, FULL BOSOMS.
AAAIYEEH!
I COULD PIERCE THEM WITH A NEEDLE AND SUCKLE ON THEM LIKE A BABY.
BRING MY NUBIANS ALONG. THEY CAN BE VERY HELPFUL IN TAMING WAYWARD HAREM GIRLS. WHITE ODALISQUE FEAR THEM THE MOST.
HUH-HUH!
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I'M SURE MY SERVANT GIRLS WILL APPRECIATE THEIR ABSENCE.
THE WOMAN IS TIKAH. MISTRESS OF THE YOKE AND SCOURGE. KEEP HER CLOSE WHEN ASKING QUESTIONS FROM LYING TONGUES.
THE MAN IS TEEGAR. HE HAS A KEEN EYE FOR THE DETAILS AS WELL AS AN EXCELLENT BOWMAN.
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET. IS THAT MAN A DEFILER?!
WHY YES. THE SULTAN KEEPS A FEW, USES THEM ON THE MORE STUBBORN WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF FALLEN CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS. IT IS VERY EXCITING TO SEE THEM IN ACTION.
BUT THEY NEED TO BE MILKED OFTEN OR THEY MAY TURN ON THE CONCUBINES.
I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF THESE CREATURES. I DID NOT THINK THEY WERE REAL.
THEY WILL MAKE YOUR WORK EASIER, BROTHER.
A HAREM CAN BE A DEN OF CUNNING SERPENTS IN THE GUISE OF MEWING KITTENS.
AAAIYEEH!
FOR FOUR LONG DAYS, MURAD BEY PASHA TOOK HIS MODEST CARAVAN PAST DESERT AND MOUNTAIN PASSES TO FINALLY REACH THE BORDERS OF THE LATE VISCIER AL MAHOUD'S CALIPHATE. THE JOURNEY WAS ARDUOUS, EVEN MORE SO FOR THE CONCUBINE JASMINA. BUT RESPITE WAS CLOSE AT HAND.
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MMMNNH!
PLEASE, PASHA. REST FROM THE SADDLE FOR A MOMENT. I AM VERY SORE.
JASMINA, TAKE A GOOD LOOK. THAT GIRL IS NO DOUBT CHRISTIAN, A NUN PERHAPS. SUCH A PUNISHMENT WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTABLE IN SUCH A PUBLIC VENUE IF SHE WERE OTHERWISE.
SINCE THEIRS IS A TORTURED GOD. TO THEM, SUFFERING IS A PATH TO REDEMPTION. THEY WELCOME PUNISHMENT. CONVENT GIRLS ARE PARTICULARLY STUBBORN SLAVES AND REQUIRE THIS KIND OF TRAINING. A PREFERENCE FOR PAIN RATHER THAN PLEASURE, DESPITE THEIR SCREAMS OF PROTEST.
AAAGH!
THEY FIND RELIEF AND CLIMAX ON THE WOODEN CRESTS. THEY DON'T MIND ACCEPTING THE WORDS OF THE PROPHET AS LONG AS THEY DO SO IN AGONY. YOU'LL FIND MANY OF THESE GIRLS IN UNCLE'S HAREEM. HE HAD A TASTE FOR THE WHITE GOLD.
THAT PUNISHMENT CREST GAVE ME AN IDEA. JASMINA, DO YOU STILL WISH A REST FROM YOUR SADDLE? I HAVE A WAY TO EASE YOUR 'COMFORT'.
YES...?


IT WAS LATE IN THE DAY WHEN THEY REACHED THE ISOLATED HAREEM. A VAST COMPOUND WITH BOTH WALLS AND DESERT TO KEEP IT'S CAPTIVES.
HERE WE ARE. WE CAN FINALLY GET OUT OF THESE DUSTY SHROUDS.
OPEN THE GATES. IT IS MURAD BEY PASHA AND HIS PARTY.
QUICKLY NOW! PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT YOU LAZY EUNUCHS!
YES, PASHA.
GREETINGS, MURAD BEY PASHA. THE HAREEM OF CALIPH AL MAHOUD IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
INDEED, A SUITABLE WELCOMING PARTY. YOU ARE THE HEAD KADIN?
YES, MURAD PASHA.
YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME.
IT IS CUSTOMARY THAT NO MAN MAY LAY EYES ON ANOTHER'S HAREEM. BUT THIS HAREEM IS YET TO BE REACQUIRED, EITHER IN WHOLE OR IN PART. AT THIS MOMENT, YOU ARE ALL BUT MARKET SLAVES UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE. UNDERSTOOD?
Y-YES, PASHA.
KADIN, I WILL LET YOU RETAIN YOUR TITLE, ASSUMING YOU PROVE YOUR WORTH. SHOW ME THE DELIGHTS KEPT HIDDEN WITHIN THESE WALLS.


AAAGH!
... AND HAVE SOMEONE HELP THE LADY JASMINA OFF HER MOUNT. WASH AND PERFUME HER BEFORE SENDING HER TO HER CHAMBER'S.
MMMNNH!
CLEAN HER THOROUGHLY BUT LEAVE THE ROPES IN PLACE. I WISH TO KEEP HER IN DISTRESS.
THIS PLACE COULD USE MORE LIGHT.
EXCUSE US, LORD PASHA. IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE THIS HOUSE WAS OCCUPIED BY A MASTER.
THIS WILL HAVE TO CHANGE, KADIN. THINGS HAVE BEEN LAX FAR TOO LONG. HARD DISCIPLINE NEEDS TO BE IMPLEMENTED.
LORD PASHA, WILL YOU ALLOW THIS MAN TO VIOLATE THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE HAREEM?


HOLD YOUR TONGUE! TEEGAR IS A PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF MY SISTER. HE IS ALLOWED FULL ACCESS TO ANY PLACE OR ANY BED CHAMBER FOR THAT MATTER, IN THIS HAREEM.
SLAP!
AAGH!
WITH MY PERMISSION, HE IS ALLOWED FULL REIGN TO ANY WOMAN HE CHOOSES. EVEN YOU, KADIN.
THE LATE VISCIER AL MAHOUD WAS FAR TOO KIND AND GENEROUS TO THE SLAVES OF THIS HAREEM. THAT IS TO CHANGE. UNDERSTOOD?
Y-YES, LORD PASHA.
SO THIS IS MY ABODE. COZY.
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SEND IN A FEW OF THE GIRLS TO HELP YOU RELAX?
NO NEED. YOU'LL DO FOR NOW. TIME TO PROVE YOUR QUALITY. TAKE THOSE ROBES OFF!
TEE-HEE!



INDEED, UNCLE HAD FINE TASTE FOR THE FAIR MAIDENS OF THE CHRISTIAN REALMS.
I CONCUR, LORD BEY PASHA. SHE BEARS THE SCENT OF A NORTHERN WOMAN AND WITH SUCH FINE DELICATE SKIN NOT KNOWN TO THE DESERTS.
YES. TELL ME TEEGAR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BED THIS SLAVE?
IF THOU WISHES, LORD PASHA. IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE.
BUT IT WOULD DEFINITELY NOT BE HER KADIN'S PLEASURE.
BREAK HER IN FOR ME, TEEGAR. TIKHA MAY ASSIST IF SHE SO WISHES.
HUNGH!
I SO WISH, LORD PASHA. I TAKE PRIDE IN THE BREAKING OF ALL MANNER OF STUBBORN SLAVES.
PLEASE, LORD PASHA. NOT TO HIM!
AS YOU COMMAND. LORD PASHA.

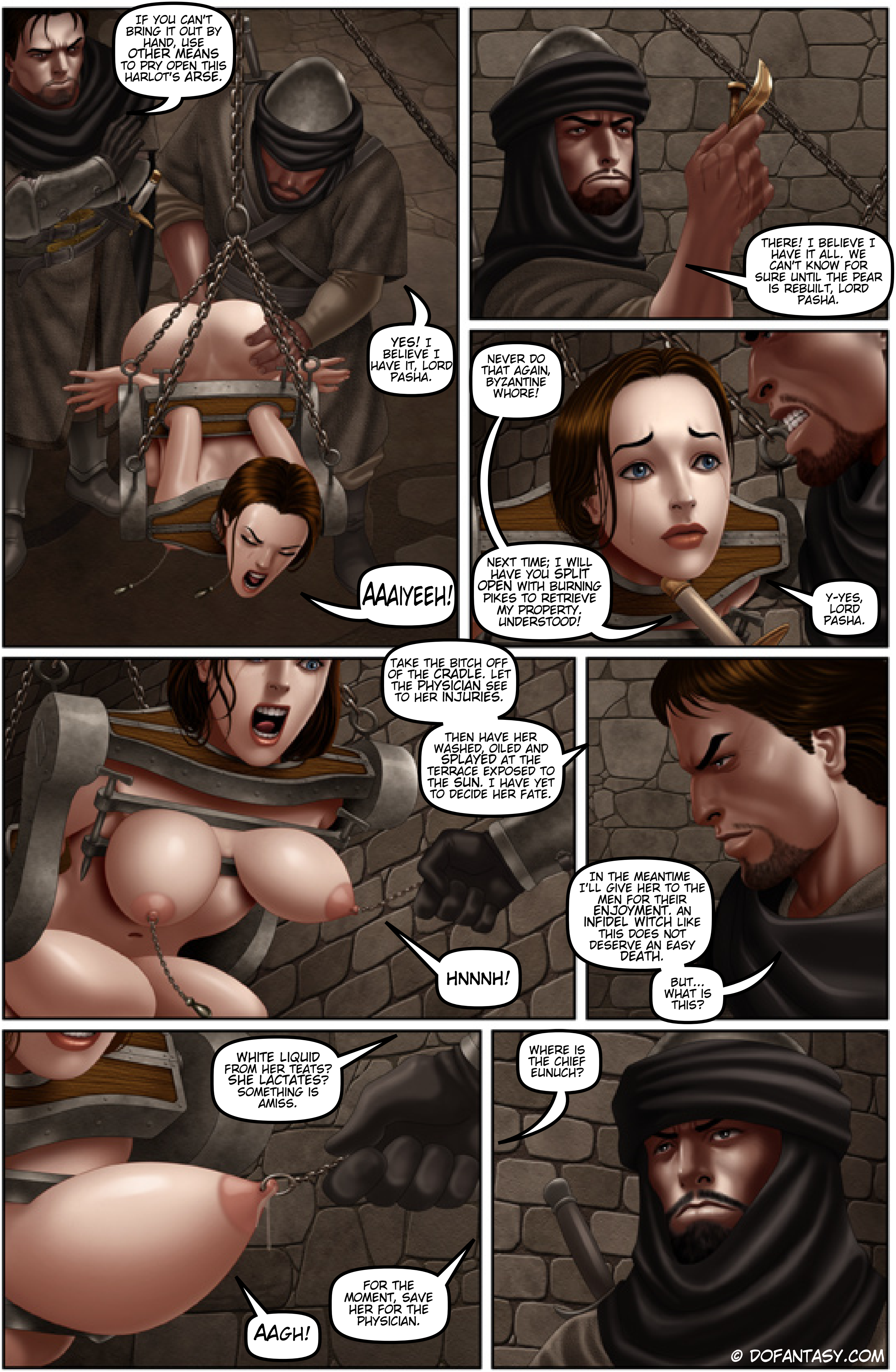


I NEED TO TAKE CARE OF OTHER MATTERS PERTAINING TO A CERTAIN BYZANTINE HARLOT. TRY NOT TO DO PERMANENT HARM. I FEAR LOOSING TOO MUCH RESALE VALUE WITH DAMAGED GOODS.
I SHALL TREAT HER AS IF SHE WERE A VIRGIN, LORD PASHA.
I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES KADIN. IT WILL BE UP TO THEM TO DECIDE WHETHER YOUR TITLE IS DESERVED OR NOT.
LORD PASHA, WAIT...
SHE DOES HAVE THE LUXURIOUS FEATURES OF A KADIN.
BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN PHYSICAL ASSETS TO BE CALLED KADIN IN THE HOUSE OF HIS LORD MURAD BEY PASHA.
NO!
HAH! ALREADY HER JUICES FLOW WITH ANTICIPATION.
OVER HERE, LORD PASHA. CAREFUL WITH YOUR STEPS, THE DUNGEONS ARE NOT WELL KEPT.
APPALLING! A HAREM WITH AN UNUSED DUNGEON. THE ODALISQUE WILL NEED TO BE REMINDED OF IT'S USES.
I SEE IT HAS BUT ONE OCCUPANT.
A VENERABLE ASSASSIN, NO DOUBT?
BE WARY, LORD PASHA. THEY SAY SHE HAS KILLED THE CALIPH.
MERCY, MILORD!


I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE HER A FALAKA TO INTRODUCE YOUR ARRIVAL, LORD PASHA.
THE CHIEF EUNUCH HAD HER ON THE CRADLE FOR 2 DAYS.
TOO LONG. THEY SHOULD USE SOME MODERATION. THIS PROSTRATE CRADLE IS WELL WORN. THE LIGHT COAT BARELY COVERS THE RUSTED METAL.
MMMNNH?!
THEY USED UNCLE'S PEAR ON THE HARLOT? FITTING. BUT THIS TOO IS WORN OUT.
HUNGH!
IT WAS GIVEN A FULL TURN, LORD PASHA.
THIS INSTRUMENT WAS COMMISSIONED FROM PAPAL INQUISITORS. ALL THE HAREM GIRLS INCLUDING MIHRIMAH WERE SUBJECTED TO IT AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER. IT WAS TRADITION.
SUCH DEVICES ARE VERY HARD TO COME BY NOWADAYS.
IT IS BEST TAKEN OUT, CLEANED AND OILED BEFORE FURTHER USE.
HUH!?
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WHAT!? ACCURSED HARLOT! THE PEAR IS BROKEN! PARTS OF IT MAY BE LEFT INSIDE.
AAAGH!
THIS INSTRUMENT HAS BEEN A FAMILY HEIRLOOM FOR A GENERATION. SULTANA KOSEM WOULD HAVE WANTED IT INTACT.
ALLOW ME, LORD PASHA. I SHALL RETRIEVE THE REST AND HAVE THE BEST CRAFTSMEN RESTORE IT TO IT'S FORMER GLORY.
DESPITE THE USE OF THE PEAR, HER ARSE IS STILL TIGHT. BUT NO MATTER...
NO!
INFIDEL BITCH! IT'S LODGED IN DEEP, AND THE BITCHES ASS STILL GRIPS LIKE A NILE ALLIGATOR.
AAAIYEEH!
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IF YOU CAN'T BRING IT OUT BY HAND, USE OTHER MEANS TO PRY OPEN THIS HARLOT'S ARSE.
YES! I BELIEVE I HAVE IT, LORD PASHA.
AAAIYEEH!
THERE! I BELIEVE I HAVE IT ALL. WE CAN'T KNOW FOR SURE UNTIL THE PEAR IS REBUILT, LORD PASHA.
NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, BYZANTINE WHORE!
NEXT TIME; I WILL HAVE YOU SPLIT OPEN WITH BURNING PIKES TO RETRIEVE MY PROPERTY. UNDERSTOOD!
Y-YES, LORD PASHA.
TAKE THE BITCH OFF OF THE CRADLE. LET THE PHYSICIAN SEE TO HER INJURIES.
THEN HAVE HER WASHED, OILED AND SPLAYED AT THE TERRACE EXPOSED TO THE SUN. I HAVE YET TO DECIDE HER FATE.
HNNNH!
IN THE MEANTIME I'LL GIVE HER TO THE MEN FOR THEIR ENJOYMENT. AN INFIDEL WITCH LIKE THIS DOES NOT DESERVE AN EASY DEATH.
BUT... WHAT IS THIS?
WHITE LIQUID FROM HER TEATS? SHE LACTATES? SOMETHING IS AMISS.
AAGH!
FOR THE MOMENT, SAVE HER FOR THE PHYSICIAN.
WHERE IS THE CHIEF EUNUCH?
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MY SISTER SPOKE THE TRUTH. THERE IS MUCH HIDDEN IN THIS FALSE PARADISE WHERE VEILED SERPENTS DWELL.
HAVE SOMEONE FIND OUT THE NATURE OF THIS WOMAN. BE DISCREET, LET NO ONE OF THE HAREM KNOW OF THIS. THE MERCHANTS AND SLAVE TRADERS ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.
RUMORS ARE RIFE WHENEVER FOREIGN SLAVES ARRIVE IN A HAREM.
SHE BORE A CHILD. PERHAPS STILLBORN, PERHAPS TO TERM. WE MUST KNOW THE FATE OF THE CREATURE.
CHILD...?
I'LL PUT HER TO THE QUESTION, LORD PASHA.
TELL US THE TRUTH, INFIDEL. WHERE IS YOUR BASTARD OFFSPRING?
I'LL LOOSEN THAT LYING TONGUE WITH HOT PINCERS IF YOU ANSWER FALSELY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. PLEASE STOP!
SHE MAY HAVE BEEN TOO INTOXICATED WITH OPIATES TO KNOW OF HER CONDITION. GIRLS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY ARE USUALLY DRUGGED WHEN BEING BRED TO ENSURE THEY DO NOT HARM THEMSELVES.
YOU SUMMONED, LORD PASHA?
CHIEF EUNUCH, I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS WOMAN'S CHILD. IS IT ALIVE? IF SO, IS IT MY UNCLE'S?
CHILD? I DO NOT KNOW THIS, LORD PASHA.
THIS HARLOT NEVER BORE THE CALIPH'S SEED. SHE IS BARREN AND USELESS. KILL HER NOW FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR DEAD UNCLE.
IS THAT SO?
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I AM NOT INCLINED TO FOLLOW THE MALICIOUS PERSUASIONS OF A LYING EUNUCH!
GLLGHK!
AAAIYEEH!
GUARD, CUT OFF HIS HEAD. I DO NOT WISH TO FURTHER SULLY MYSELF WITH EUNUCH'S BLOOD.
YES, LORD PASHA.
HNNNH!
I DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO DECEPTION, HARLOT. ALLAH IS GREAT AND MERCIFUL, I AM NOT. TRY TO DECEIVE ME BUT ONCE AND YOUR PAST CONFINEMENT WILL SEEM LIKE PARADISE COMPARED TO THE HELL YOU SHALL SURELY ENDURE.
BACK AT THE CALIPH'S BEDCHAMBER. THE KADIN IS PUT THROUGH A HUMILIATING ORDEAL UNDER THE YOKE OF DARK SKINNED MINDERS.
SHE'S NOT TOO VOCAL. SHE TRIES TO HOLD BACK HER SCREAMS EVEN AS TEARS FLOW DOWN HER CHEEKS. SHE BEARS THE DIGNITY OF HER RANK.
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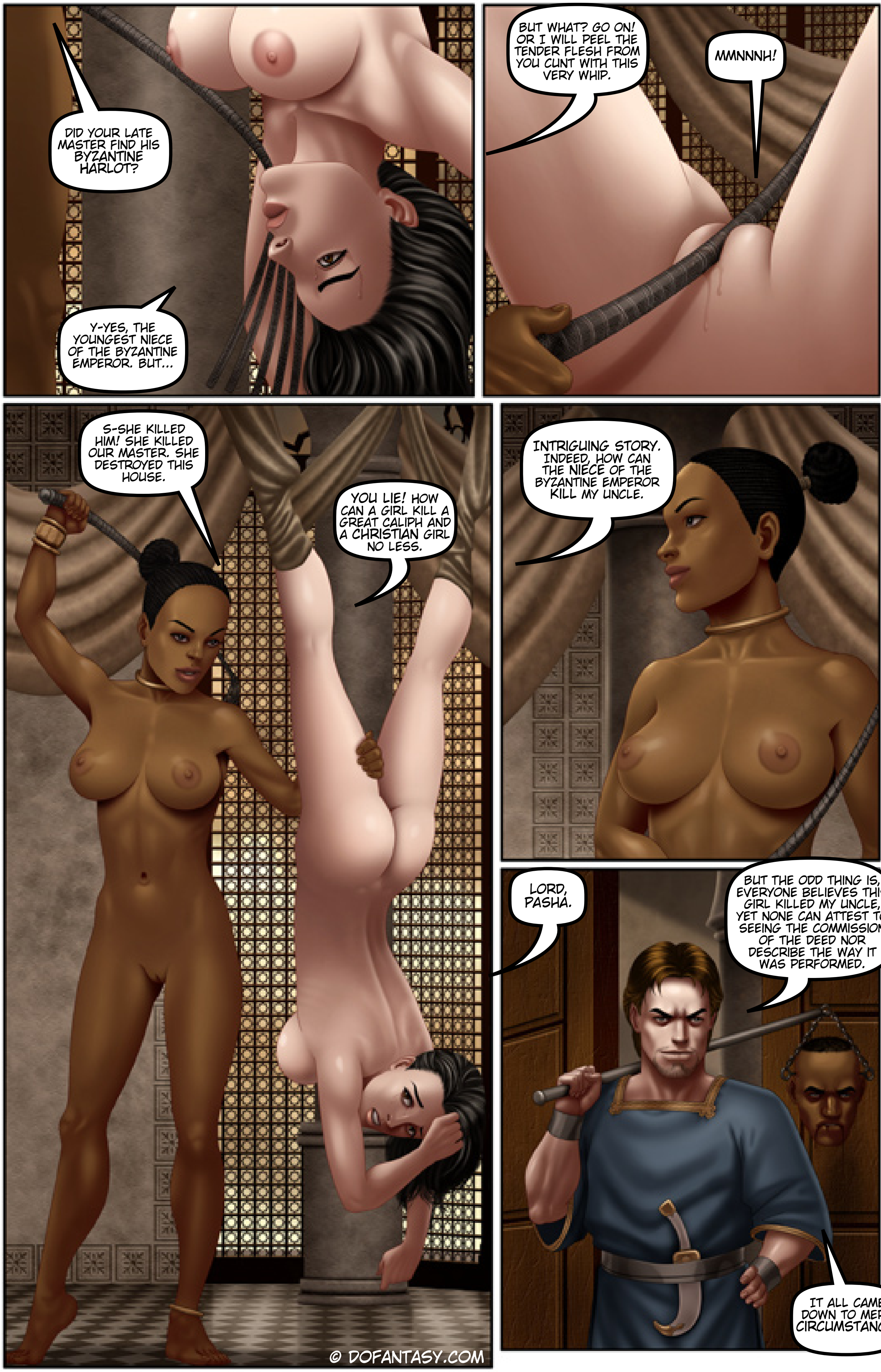

THIS KADIN IS TIGHT AND SMOOTH. SHE HAS NOT HAD A REAL MAN FOR SOMETIME. HALF MY GIRTH AND SHE ALREADY SQUEALS LIKE A PIG. THE OLD CALIPH WAS TOO KIND TO HIS SLAVES.
HAREM GIRLS ARE SPOILED BY THEIR MASTERS. THE ONLY BLACKS THEY KNOW ARE THE EUNUCHS THAT GUARD THEM. THEY MAY NEVER HAVE SEEN AN INTACT BLACKMAN BEFORE.
PLEASE, STOP! I BEG YOU! IT HURTS!
IF THE LORD PASHA WISHES, I WILL GIVE HER THE FULL LENGTH UP TO HER BOWELS. THEN YOU'LL KNOW REAL PAIN.
CAREFUL, TEEGAR. TAKE ANY OF THE LESSER ODALISQUES TO SATISFY YOUR LUSTFUL CRAVINGS. THE LORD PASHA DOES NOT DESIRE THE KADIN SO RUINED.
HMM... SHE'S NOT AS VOLUPTUOUS AS THE JASMINA HARLOT. BUT STILL HAS A FINE PAIR, PLENTY FOR BREAST WHIPPING.
AAAIEEH!!!


AAGH!!! PULL IT OUT! PLEASE! I FEEL LIKE BURSTING!
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AAAIYEEH!
THAT FELT GOOD. NEXT TIME, SHE'LL BE GETTING MY FULL LENGTH.
STOP WHIMPERING! NO ONE HAS YET DIED FROM TEEGAR'S ASSAULTS. NUBIAN WOMEN HAVE ENDURED FAR WORSE. COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THE LORD PASHA HELD HIM BACK.
HUNGH!
MY TURN, TEEGAR. YOU'VE HAD MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF THE KADIN'S CHARMS.



MOVE THAT TONGUE! THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.
HAH! SHE'S VERY GOOD. I IMAGINE SHE'S HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE WITH OTHER WOMEN.
DON'T MIND TEEGAR. HE LIKES TO TASTE HIS VICTIMS AFTER A SESSION.
THERE IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE KADIN. SHE TASTES DIFFERENT AND THE HYMEN IS...
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, THIS CAN NOT BE! SHE IS UNDEFILED!
WHAT!?
HOW CAN THE KADIN OF THE MASTER'S HAREM BE A VIRGIN?
SEE FOR YOURSELF. WOULD THE OLD CALIPH ONLY FUCK HER BY THE ASS? THIS IS UNHEARD OF.
SO, THE LOVELY KADIN HAS HER OWN LITTLE SECRETS.
TELL US A STORY, KADIN. IF I LIKE WHAT I HEAR, I WILL STAY THE WHIP. NOW, SPREAD HER WIDE, TEEGAR!
N-NO!
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YOU ARE UNTOUCHED BY THE LATE CALIPH. WHY IS THAT?
AAAIYEEH! NO! PLEASE!
SPEAK OR I WILL HAVE THE WHIP TAKE YOUR PRECIOUS CHASTITY MANY TIMES OVER.
IT WAS THE GREAT CALIPH'S WISH THAT I AM SO!
THWAACK!!!
WHY IS THAT?
THWAACK!!
IT WAS A SAD DAY WHEN I ENTERED THE CALIPH'S SERVICE. OUR MASTER HAD JUST LOST HIS REMAINING SONS TO THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
HE DECLARED THAT SINCE THE SONS OF BYZANTIUM TOOK HIS SONS, IT WOULD ONLY BE FITTING THAT THE DAUGHTERS OF BYZANTIUM WOULD BRING THEM BACK.
HE SWORE THAT HE WOULD ONLY TAKE TO BED A BYZANTINE GIRL OF IMPERIAL BLOOD. THIS HE SWORE ON THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHET.
GO ON!
AH! HE WAS TERRIBLY DISTRAUGHT AND MOURNED FOR WEEKS. FROM THEN ON, HE REFUSED TO BED ANY WOMAN IN THE NORMAL FASHION. HE WOULD ONLY USE OUR MOUTH AND ARSE AND WOULD WHIP US INCESSANTLY. I-I THINK HE BECAME MAD.
AAAIEEH!
THWAACK!!!
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DID YOUR LATE MASTER FIND HIS BYZANTINE HARLOT?
Y-YES, THE YOUNGEST NIECE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR. BUT...
BUT WHAT? GO ON! OR I WILL PEEL THE TENDER FLESH FROM YOU CUNT WITH THIS VERY WHIP.
MMNNNH!
S-SHE KILLED HIM! SHE KILLED OUR MASTER. SHE DESTROYED THIS HOUSE.
YOU LIE! HOW CAN A GIRL KILL A GREAT CALIPH AND A CHRISTIAN GIRL NO LESS.
INTRIGUING STORY. INDEED, HOW CAN THE NIECE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR KILL MY UNCLE.
LORD, PASHA.
BUT THE ODD THING IS, EVERYONE BELIEVES THIS GIRL KILLED MY UNCLE, YET NONE CAN ATTEST TO SEEING THE COMMISSION OF THE DEED NOR DESCRIBE THE WAY IT WAS PERFORMED.
IT ALL CAME DOWN TO MERE CIRCUMSTANCE.
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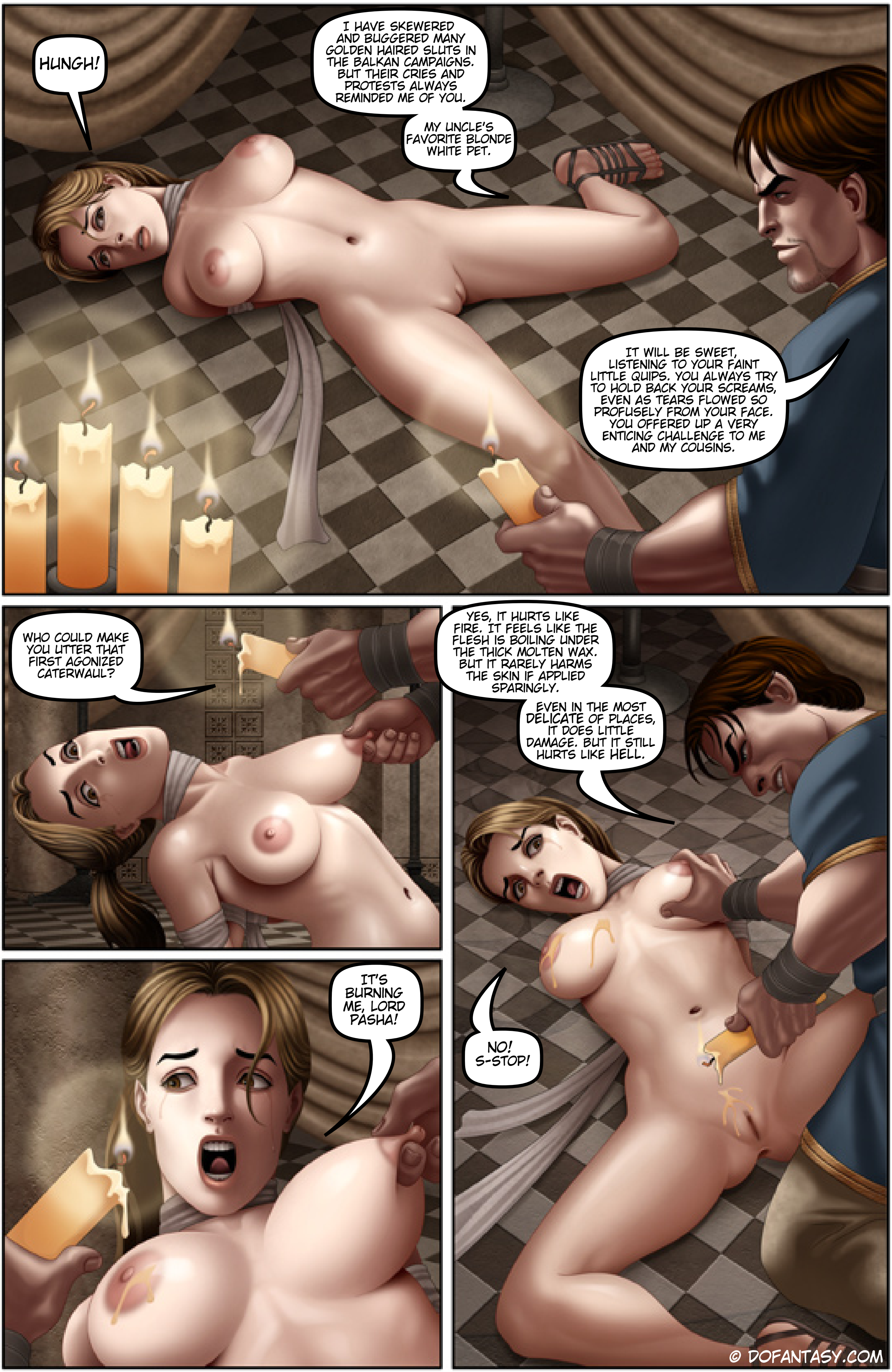

THE BOUND KADIN GASPS AS HER NEW MASTER PRESENTS THE SEVERED HEAD OF THE CHIEF EUNUCH.
THIS IS... WAS THE CHIEF EUNUCH. HE WAS A VERY POOR LIAR. HE CLAIMED THE BYZANTINE HARLOT WAS BARREN, YET HER BODY REFUTES THIS.
AAAIYEEH!
THE CHIEF EUNUCH IS RARELY PRIVY TO THE SECRET AFFAIRS OF THIS PLACE. HE JUST DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD, TOO WEAK MINDED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DARKER MACHINATIONS OF THE HAREEM.
THE KADIN IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE SAME. MY UNCLE NEEDED PEOPLE HE COULD TRUST, ELEVATING A NOVICE TO KADIN WAS A NOVEL EXERCISE.
HNNNH!
TO BE MADE INELIGIBLE TO BEAR THE CALIPH'S FUTURE HEIRS MUST HAVE CAUSED QUITE A STIR WITH THE OTHER GIRLS. PROUD WIVES, EXPECTANT CALIFAS; ALL REDUCED TO MERE ODALISQUES. NO MORE THAN WELL GROOMED SERVANT GIRLS IN ALL BUT NAME.
MY UNCLE'S KILLER HAS A MIND AND MOST LIKELY HAVE ACCOMPLICES WHO MAY STILL BE WITHIN THESE WALLS.
THESE TWO, I HOLD PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH BY THEIR NEGLIGENCE AND INEPTITUDE.
AAAGH!
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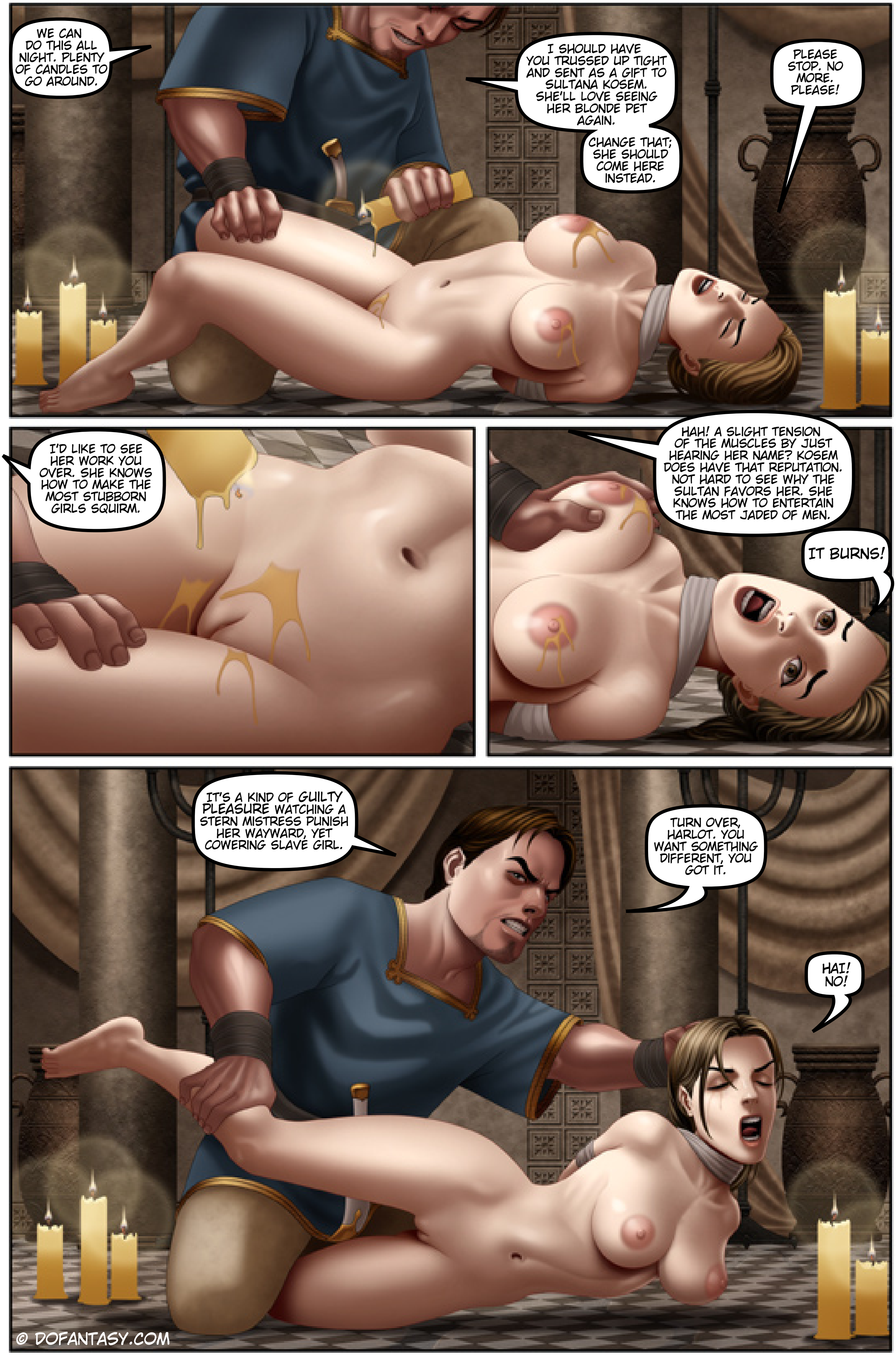

TAKE IT OUT! PLEASE, MASTER! TAKE IT OUT!
ALLOW HER A SHORT PERIOD FOR CONTEMPLATION THEN RELEASE HER FROM HER BONDAGE. HAVE THE HEAD PROPPED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SANCTUM. MAKE IT VERY VISIBLE TO ALL.
YES, LORD PASHA.
HAVE THIS ROOM CLEANED AND SCENTED. IT'S FILTHY. I WILL BE SLEEPING IN JASMINA'S BOWERS TONIGHT.
"SEND A MESSAGE TO THE SULTANA, HAVE HER APPRAISED OF OUR SITUATION. AFTER YOU ARE DONE WITH YOUR OTHER DUTIES, YOU MAY TURN IN. YOU CAN TAKE ANY OF THE HAREM GIRLS FOR YOUR OWN PLEASURE."
"I LET THE MEN TAKE A BOYISH LOOKING ARMENIAN GIRL FOR RECREATIONAL PURPOSES, CHECK ON HER FROM TIME TO TIME. MAKE SURE THEY DON'T OVER INDULGE AND MAIM THE POOR CREATURE. IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF SHE CAN NO LONGER PERFORM HER SEXUAL DUTIES."
"OH, AND BEFORE I FORGET. HAVE THE GIRLS READY FOR A THOROUGH INSPECTION TOMORROW. AND GET THE WORKMEN TO START BUILDING THE TRAINING FACILITY AT THE COURTYARD AREA MOST EXPOSED TO THE SUN."
HNNNH!


IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT WHEN MURAD BEY PASHA HAPPENED UPON JASMINA'S CHAMBERS. HE HAD TAKEN A LITTLE DETOUR INTO HIS UNCLE'S FORBIDDEN WINES. HE WAS QUITE INTOXICATED.
WELL, HOW IS MY DEAR JASMINA?
SHE FALLS IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, LORD BEY PASHA. IS IT YOUR WISH THAT SHE STAYS THIS WAY ALL NIGHT?
MMNNNH!
YES, THAT IS MY WISH. THE BINDS NEED TIGHTENING.
IF THE KADIN WAS NOT SO DISTRAUGHT OF LATE, I WOULD HAVE HER FLOG JASMINA'S BOSOMS AS SHE STRUGGLES FROM HER SILKEN BONDS.
HUH-HUH!
IT SHOULD BE VERY EXCITING, WATCHING YOU SUFFER IN CANDLE LIGHT. SWEATING, PLEADING WITH EVERY STROKE OF THE CANE.
SHALL I LEAVE, LORD PASHA?
STAY, FREYIA!
DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD NOT REMEMBER YOU AND THESE RIPE BOSOMS, MY GOLDEN HAIRED BEAUTY?


AAAGH!
PULL IT TAUT. LET HER STRAIN! THAT'S IT.
HUNGH!
YOU WILL LEARN TO APPRECIATE THE DAYS I SEEK TO RAVISH YOU, FOR THIS WILL BE YOUR DAYS OF REST; BOUND TO THIS PILLAR EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO TORMENT YOU.
FREYIA, COME TO ME.
I SEE YOU ARE STILL FORBIDDEN TO WEAR ANY CLOTHING.
IT WAS THE WISH OF YOUR UNCLE, LORD PASHA.
YOU WERE VERY YOUNG WHEN THEY BROUGHT YOU HERE. VERY STUBBORN, YOU WERE. YOU EVEN REFUSED TO CONVERT. BUT MY UNCLE STILL KEPT YOU. HE HAD NEVER SEEN A GOLDEN HAIRED GIRL BEFORE.
HE PUNISHED YOU BY KEEPING YOU NAKED TO ALL, UNTIL YOU ACCEPTED HIM WILLINGLY. STUBBORN YOU ARE STILL?
THE OTHER GIRLS TEASED YOU FOR YOUR NAKEDNESS. AND KOSEM LIKED TO PUT ON A SHOW FOR ME AND MY COUSINS. SHE WOULD HAVE YOU BOUND BETWEEN TWO PILLARS, SPREAD WIDE AND MASTURBATED BEFORE OUR EYES.
YOU HAD A PECULIARLY LONG ORGASM. YOU HUNG THERE CONVULSING AS WE TOOK TURNS BUGGERING YOU.
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THAT WAS LONG AGO, LORD PASHA. I HARDLY REMEMBER...
THEN LET ME REMIND YOU.
AAH!
PLEASE! IT HURTS.
I'M SURE IT DOES. THE MANY CONVENT GIRLS AT SOFIA CAN ATTEST TO IT.
WITH MY UNCLE'S DEMISE, I BET YOU HAVEN'T HAD A DESCENT FUCK FOR QUITE A WHILE.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME SOMEBODY BUGGERED THAT TIGHT LITTLE ASS OF YOURS?
AH! IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, LORD PASHA.
HAH! MAYBE TOO LONG. IT MAY NEED TO BE LOOSENED WITH HEAT AND OILS.
AAAIEEH!
SHOULDN'T WASTE THE EXCESS CANDLE WAX. OUR DROWSY JASMINA COULD USE SOME STIMULATION.
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HUNGH!
I HAVE SKEWERED AND BUGGERED MANY GOLDEN HAIRED SLUTS IN THE BALKAN CAMPAIGNS. BUT THEIR CRIES AND PROTESTS ALWAYS REMINDED ME OF YOU.
MY UNCLE'S FAVORITE BLONDE WHITE PET.
IT WILL BE SWEET, LISTENING TO YOUR FAINT LITTLE QUIPS. YOU ALWAYS TRY TO HOLD BACK YOUR SCREAMS, EVEN AS TEARS FLOWED SO PROFUSELY FROM YOUR FACE. YOU OFFERED UP A VERY ENTICING CHALLENGE TO ME AND MY COUSINS.
WHO COULD MAKE YOU UTTER THAT FIRST AGONIZED CATERWAUL?
IT'S BURNING ME, LORD PASHA!
YES, IT HURTS LIKE FIRE. IT FEELS LIKE THE FLESH IS BOILING UNDER THE THICK MOLTEN WAX. BUT IT RARELY HARMS THE SKIN IF APPLIED SPARINGLY.
EVEN IN THE MOST DELICATE OF PLACES, IT DOES LITTLE DAMAGE. BUT IT STILL HURTS LIKE HELL.
NO! S-STOP!

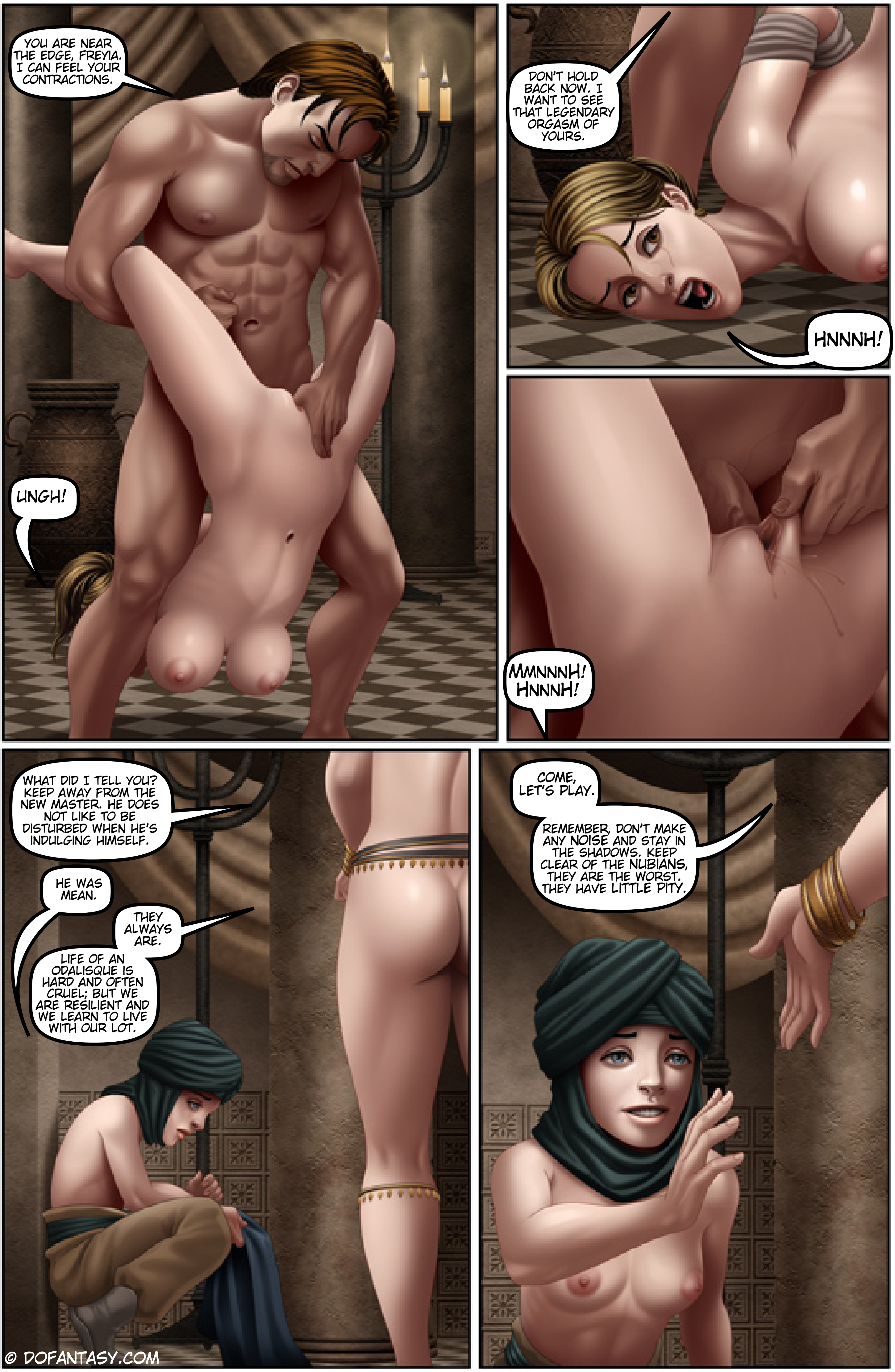


WE CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT. PLENTY OF CANDLES TO GO AROUND.
I SHOULD HAVE YOU TRUSSED UP TIGHT AND SENT AS A GIFT TO SULTANA KOSEM. SHE'LL LOVE SEEING HER BLONDE PET AGAIN.
CHANGE THAT; SHE SHOULD COME HERE INSTEAD.
PLEASE STOP. NO MORE. PLEASE!
I'D LIKE TO SEE HER WORK YOU OVER. SHE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE THE MOST STUBBORN GIRLS SQUIRM.
HAH! A SLIGHT TENSION OF THE MUSCLES BY JUST HEARING HER NAME? KOSEM DOES HAVE THAT REPUTATION. NOT HARD TO SEE WHY THE SULTAN FAVORS HER. SHE KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE MOST JADED OF MEN.
IT BURNS!
IT'S A KIND OF GUILTY PLEASURE WATCHING A STERN MISTRESS PUNISH HER WAYWARD, YET COWERING SLAVE GIRL.
TURN OVER, HARLOT. YOU WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT, YOU GOT IT.
HAI! NO!


LET'S LOOSEN THAT ASS UP FOR A PROPER BUGGERING, SHALL WE. I GET HARD BY JUST LOOKING AT THAT FINE SHINNY BUM OF YOURS, FREYIA.
HUH-HUH!
FIRST THE OILS WITH A HINT OF CAPSICIAN. NOT TOO MUCH OR I'LL GET BURNED AS WELL.
UNGH!
HNNNH!
SQUISH IT ABOUT.
NO TURNING OVER! STAY AS YOU ARE AND KEEP THAT ASS HIGH!
HUNGH!
NOW FOR THE HEAT. THIS FRESHLY LIT CANDLE IS THICK AND LONG. IT WILL DO THE TRICK.
BITCH! DON'T EVEN THINK OF PUSHING IT OUT OR BELIEVE ME, YOU WILL BE RECEIVING THE LIT CANDLE FROM IT'S OTHER END.
AAAGH!


I-IT'S BURNING ME!
NONSENSE! IT'S JUST THE HOT WAX TRICKLING DOWN YOUR CUNNY.
FREYIA...?
IS SHE BACK? OH...!?
GET OUT! CAN'T YOU SEE FREYIA IS PREDISPOSED. GO WASH SOMETHING.
UNGH! YES, MASTER.
WHO IS THE LITTLE ONE? I DID NOT SEE HER WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED. SHE HAS THE FEATURES OF A NORTHERNER, IS SHE YOURS?
AMINAH? NO, LORD PASHA. SHE'S JEISA'S.
I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH THAT NAME.


TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS JEISA.
AAGH! SHE IS LIKE ME; A DAUGHTER OF A VARANGIAN KNIGHT! SHE WAS ALREADY WITH CHILD WHEN SHE WAS SOLD TO THE CALIPH. SHE WAS VERY OBEDIENT AND THOUGHTFUL, SO THE CALIPH LET HER STAY TO CARRY AMINAH TO TERM.
WHEN JEISA WAS HEAVY WITH MILK, THE MASTER PARTOOK OF HER LACTATIONS AND DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR HER CREAMY WHITE SECRETIONS.
UNGH! THE MASTER FORCED AMINAH TO SUCKLE HER MOTHER'S BREAST WAY PAST HER WEANING AGE JUST TO KEEP JEISA LACTATING.
THIS PEAKS MY INTEREST. WHERE IS JEISA NOW?
WE DON'T KNOW. LATE ONE DAY, SHE WAS SCENE LEAVING THE HAREEM UNDER GUARD. WE HAVE NOT SEEN HER SINCE.
WHEN WAS THIS?
JUST THE WEEK BEFORE.
RAISE THAT ASS HIGHER!
I CAN'T, LORD PASHA. MY ARMS ARE STILL BOUND.
OH WELL. LET'S TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT THEN.
IF I AM CORRECT, THAT WOULD BE NEAR THE TIME MY PARTY SET OUT. AND JUST ABOUT 10 MONTHS FROM THE DAY OF MY UNCLE'S DEMISE. WAS THIS DONE UNDER THE KADIN'S ORDERS?
AAH! I WOULD ASSUME SO. DESPITE HER FEVER THE NIGHT BEFORE.
FEVER?
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YOU ARE NEAR THE EDGE, FREYIA. I CAN FEEL YOUR CONTRACTIONS.
UNGH!
DON'T HOLD BACK NOW. I WANT TO SEE THAT LEGENDARY ORGASM OF YOURS.
HNNNH!
MMNNNH! HNNNH!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? KEEP AWAY FROM THE NEW MASTER. HE DOES NOT LIKE TO BE DISTURBED WHEN HE'S INDULGING HIMSELF.
HE WAS MEAN.
THEY ALWAYS ARE.
LIFE OF AN ODALISQUE IS HARD AND OFTEN CRUEL; BUT WE ARE RESILIENT AND WE LEARN TO LIVE WITH OUR LOT.
COME, LET'S PLAY.
REMEMBER, DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE AND STAY IN THE SHADOWS. KEEP CLEAR OF THE NUBIANS, THEY ARE THE WORST. THEY HAVE LITTLE PITY.


A GREAT NUMBER OF GIRLS FROM THIS HAREEM ARE FROM THE WEST. THE OLD MASTER MUST HAVE A FONDNESS FOR THEM.
NO, NOT NECESSARILY, TEEGAR.
EVERYDAY, THE GREAT SULTAN'S ARMY BRING THOUSANDS OF WHITE CHRISTIAN CUNTS TO THE SLAVE MARKETS.
THE PRICE FOR A FLAXEN HAIRED SLAVE GIRL HAS HALVED OF LATE. ANY MAN CAN BUY A FAIR HAIRED HUSSY FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF 10 GOATS.
HAH! STILL TOO MUCH. YOU CAN SKIN A GOAT, DRINK IT'S MILK AND ROAST IT AND FEED 20 MEN.
AAAIEEH!
I'M SURE THE MASTER WILL DISAGREE.
MEN WILL SUFFER HUNGER AND HARDSHIP FOR A QUICK FUCK WITH A PRETTY WHITE WHORE, MOSLEM OR CHRISTIAN.
AAAH! NO, PLEASE! DON'T, IT'S TOO BIG! I'LL DIE!
LOUDER! MY PRICK HARDENS WITH CRIES OF PAIN AND TERROR!
THESE WHITE SLUTS HAVE GONE SOFT. TOO LONG WITHOUT A MASTER, THEY COMPLAIN WITH EVERY LITTLE BIT OF DISCOMFORT.
AAAIYEEH!


UNGH! TIKAH, I'M AT FULL LENGTH. DO IT NOW!
AAAGH!
MY PLEASURE, TEEGAR.
LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.
AAAIEEH! NO! YOU'RE KILLING ME! STOP! HAVE MERCY!
POOR ELIZE...
I TOLD YOU NOT TO STRAY. COME NOW. THIS IS NOT SOMETHING YOU SHOULD BE WATCHING.
BUT...
NEVER MIND ABOUT ELIZE. IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH. BESIDES, YOU'RE NOT THAT CLOSE TO HER ANYWAY.
HUSH! BE SILENT FOR A MOMENT.
WHAT IS IT?
AAAIYEEH!!!
I SENSE ANOTHER PERSON IN OUR MIDST. CAN'T YOU SMELL IT PASS THIS HARLOT'S MUSK?
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ALLAH DOES NOT CARE ABOUT US, HE DID NOT CARE ABOUT ELIZE.
HOLD YOUR TONGUE! THAT IS BLASPHEMY. DON'T LET ANYONE HEAR YOU SPEAK THAT WAY. DON'T THINK YOUR INNOCENCE WILL PROTECT YOU.
OH! SHE'S GUARDED.
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE PASSAGES.
GO ON. TAKE WHAT YOU NEED. SHE WON'T MIND.
SHE'S ASLEEP. HEE-HEE!
I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.


SIT HERE WITH ME. TAKE YOUR TIME, AMINAH.
YES.
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HUNGH?!
THIS WILL GUARANTEE HER SILENCE, EVEN UNDER THE MOST FERVENT OF QUESTIONING.
OUR NEW MASTER IS VERY SHARP. WE MUST BE EXTRA CAREFUL.
TO BE CONTINUED.


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